A Double Helping of Poems!

Andy Goulet

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Sports

During the solar eclipse
a girl named Jenny Carloff
kissed me
behind the softball field.
She grew up to be a lawyer.

Step by Step

Grape soda in a coffee cup
on top of the television.
Family Matters.

Supermarket

The hawk flew away with my chicken.

No eggs this week.

The Balcony

The king of laser tag
surveys the food court.
He loves
classic rock.
He wears the leather jacket
his father
bought when he was living in Paris
during the war.
He eats Chinese food in a station wagon
and cries

Three Bucks

I bought a belt buckle at a flea market
from a white guy with a big knife.
He asked me if I was in the
NRA.
Most of the time
I wear
sweatpants.

The Ocean

Albert Camus
probably ate ice cream
at least once
in his life.

Extra Mart

I used to count the money
lock the doors
and ride away from the convenience store
at midnight
on my moped
through the fields and under the stars.

Type I

I had a dream that I refused to
make a mix tape for a grandfather.
It wasn't
a nightmare.

The Wolf Spider

I was watching myself
brush my teeth when
the wolf spider
crawled across my face
in the mirror.

I found
the wolf spider
under a rotting wrestling magazine
in the woods on a rainy day.

I lay in the grass
listening to cicadas in the sun.
Something tickled my ear
I thought it was a butterfly but
it was
the wolf spider.

I was reading a wrestling magazine
by a rotting shed in the shady woods
when I saw
the wolf spider

biting a green caterpillar.

My mom told me to kill
the wolf spider.
I trapped it in a shot glass
brought it outside
and let it go
on the petal of a daylily
covered in dew.

My grandmother's corpse
lay in the coffin.
Somebody sniffled over the
Italian organ music.
I had a new black tie on.
Perched on the white lily at the
head of the coffin was
the wolf spider.

I was looking for my
great-grandmother's
rosary beads
under the bed.
On top of an old bag of

Cheese Curls sat
the wolf spider.

I was watching professional wrestling
at my grandmother's house
while she prayed in the garden.
I went to get some Cheese Curls
from the kitchen.
When I got back
a program about butterflies was on
and
the wolf spider
was in my chair.

The last time I went rollerskating
He-Man was number one.

Roommates

A crusty old dog is sitting at the table wearing my good hat

His name is William, but I call him Bill

He’s a smug son of a bitch

Open Door Policy

We got a new copier at work
and it came in a big cardboard box
I got in the box
right down on the floor
and started hanging out there.
Everyone else seemed pretty weirded out.
But I thought it was cool.
I gave myself a haircut with some scissors
and punched a hole in the box so I could drag myself around.
It was so cool.
Someone told me to get away from them so I went to my desk.
I put my computer in the box so I could play Spider Solitaire.
My boss showed up and got in the box too.
We were like two race car drivers.
At five o'clock everyone else went home.
But we stayed in the box, holding each other
and whispering secrets.

Permanent Vacation

Cloud Head

Chopping firewood

By the lake

dreaming

From the neck up

just a cloud

From the neck down

all man

A Wind Blows Softly of Dust and Echoes

Joseph was working at the robot factory on the shore when the plague swept across the globe.

All of his friends turned into tiny horses.

Joseph was immune.

He did not turn into a tiny horse.

But Joseph was also stupid.

Even after all of his friends, coworkers, and even his boss turned into tiny horses,

Joseph kept going to work.

His girlfriend had turned into a tiny horse so he started working overtime.

Joseph started to get bummed out.

He started talking to the robots he had been making.

There were plenty of robots in the factory.

Tiny horses have no use for robots.

Joseph had a favorite robot that he called Silly Mike.

Joseph would take Silly Mike out back to eat lunch with him on the big hill behind the factory

that overlooked the silent city below.

Silly Mike had a broken face.

Whenever he tried to talk,

oil and candy would fall out

and Joseph would laugh and laugh.

“Oh, Silly Mike,” Joseph would say. “You make me forget all about my troubles.”

Eventually, things got serious and Joseph moved in with Silly Mike.

“Get your feet off the couch!” Silly Mike would say,

except it sounded like, “Gurg yorb foob aw fa kwooss!”

on account of his busted face.

And Joseph would laugh and laugh.

“Oh, Silly Mike,” Joseph would say, “You always know how to cheer me up.”

Silly Mike was an EmotiBot 3000, and programmed with every emotion known to man,

including love, fear, and hungry

But he didn’t love Joseph.

One night when Joseph was asleep, Silly Mike picked him up and hurled him into the sun.

As he drifted out into the void, Joseph laughed and laughed.

“Oh, Silly Mike,” Joseph said, “You really know how to end a relationship.”

Then Joseph died,

and the world was bereft of humanity forever after.

Nature is a Magic Science

I want to eat chocolate until my head explodes.
I want to dress up in a linen suit
and sit under a peach tree sipping ice tea
saying, “Ah yes.”
I can’t make maple syrup
or do gymnastics.
I don’t even have a car.
But I’ve got to get up everyday
and punch life in the face.
Wild horses jump out of my hands
It’s magic, but it’s also science
Like a gnome solving a math equation
Like casting a spell on a physicist
Like putting pants on a dog
It’s all part of the circle of life
the cat eats the mouse
the dog eats the cat
the lion eats the dog
and the shark eats the lion
Nature is a magic science too
Let me explain
You’re walking through the jungle one day

and you see a tiger with a car stereo.

You think

How did that tiger get such an advanced piece of technology?

Did aliens give it to him?

Ha ha ha! Of course not!
The tiger found it in a swamp.

A Warren Zevon cassette tape is stuck in the car stereo

and the tiger will never know who that is.

That’s the difference between us and the animals.

The Disguise

It feels good to be a mythical beast.
Splash on a little English Leather.
The cops love English Leather.
You can walk down the street
and no one will notice your scorpion tail
or your lizard face.
You can even eat hot soup on a crowded bus without a spoon
There are no rules anymore.
If someone tries to mug you
take them to a cheap planetarium
buy them a soda
let them cry on your scaly shoulder.
When you're old
and standing on a mossy cliff above the sea
the ancient smell of time will tickle your face
and as the sun explodes
you'll remember a good joke
and have a good laugh
right before your body disintegrates.

The Holidays

A bird scared the crap out of me this morning.

It was a big, disgusting turkey.

It jumped out of the bushes and slobbered all over my face.

I think it was payback for Thanksgiving.

A Santa Claus was nearby, eating a gross sandwich.

He sat on the turkey and farted.

I turned around and went back to bed.

I don’t need that in my life.

Kevin

Kevin is the king of the juice

he wears old sneakers and loves Lynyrd Skynyrd.

He tosses me a football and smiles

His teeth are really nice.

Babies love Kevin because he smells like fruit.

Whenever he sees a baby

he slams down a glass of fresh OJ for them

and chuckles like a friendly pirate.

Kevin is a hurricane of high-fives and compliments
He really makes me feel good about myself

Dogs Love Waffles

Dogs love waffles.

This is because they know waffles mean breakfast, and breakfast means morning

and morning means a new day

and a new day means a new chance to start their life over

My neighbor has a cat named Christopher.

Christopher loves pancakes.

This is why cats and dogs never get along.

Now, raccoons don't care what they eat,

as long as it has maple syrup on it.

This is because a raccoon is basically a dog crossed with a cat.

This is all part of what we call reality.

It can be overwhelming sometimes

It's hard to know what's right and what's wrong

and sometimes you'll make a bad decision.

That's why dogs love waffles.

Jazz Tornado

I had a dream about Star Trek.

When I woke up,

everything was the same.

Except I was wiggling like a jazz tornado.

I can't really explain it.

But my wife noticed.

As I was pouring my cereal she looked at me and said:

"What's up, man?"

I felt really free.

Like my pants were made of angels.

I just had to wiggle

I couldn't stop it.

I went to work anyways.

Miles Davis was fighting Worf in the parking lot.

And for some reason John Candy was there, egging them on.

I said, "Quit it, John Candy."

Then they all noticed that I was wiggling like a jazz tornado

and they stopped fighting.

My boss came out and saw what was going on.

He thought I had joined a gang and fired me.

I didn't care though.

Worf learned to play the piano and John Candy started singing.

Miles Davis had to go to the dentist.

I stuck around and wiggled to the music.

I couldn’t help it.

I can’t explain it.

The Library

I forgot how awesome the library is.

It smells like books and there's a free bathroom.

I saw an old lady reading a newspaper attached to a big stick.

She tossed me a two-liter bottle of fruit punch and did a backflip.

The library is the Super Bowl of the mind

When you walk into one you feel the power coursing through your limbs

You get a craving for salad and make a sound like a lion in space.

Every library has a magic bear that runs around kissing people.

It kissed me fifty times while I was reading a Dean Koontz book.

"Thanks," I said to the magic bear, and gave him some fruit punch.

Sharing is the airplane of the heart.

With sharing, you can touch a brick wall and that wall will turn into a trampoline.

Librarians love trampolines,

that's why there's so many trampolines in libraries.

The sun was setting.

The sky was so beautiful it made me cry forever.

I chugged the rest of the fruit punch.

A librarian named Carl gave me a big hug and a really nice compliment.

"See you later." I said to Carl.

It was the best birthday ever.

Lucille and Skinny Mike

Skinny Mike was a blackjack dealer on a riverboat casino.

Every morning he woke up to the sound of otters having breakfast.

He would slap his belly and slurp coffee out of an old boot.

Everybody on riverboat casinos drinks out of boots.

Skinny Mike would reach out his big hand and grab a fat chicken out of a tree on the shore.

Then he would sing death metal to the chicken until it crapped out an egg

and then Skinny Mike would have an omelet.

Then he would go to work.

Skinny Mike was the best blackjack dealer in the world.

People loved to come roll the dice at his table.

and he would shout: “Touchdown!”

which, in blackjack, means that everybody wins.

There was a woman named Lucille that lived on the boat.

She worked below deck, turning the big wheel on the riverboat.

It was hard work and she would sweat through her underpants everyday.

She secretly loved Skinny Mike.

But every time she would try to talk to him he would say:

“You smell like an old glove!”

Skinny Mike, in spite of all his good points, was kind of a rude dude.

Lucille made a secret plan one day.

She got up very early one morning, and hid in a tree upstream from the riverboat.

When Skinny Mike awoke and reached out to grab a chicken,

he grabbed Lucille instead.

“I love you,” Lucille said to him.

And as Skinny Mike held Lucille in his arms, he realized that he, too, loved her.

“Can I still sing death metal?” He asked her.

She laughed. “Of course, honey!”

Life truly is a precious flower.

Little Boy Face

It's not my fault you have a

Little Boy Face

Is that why you eat so many tacos?

You're still in great shape

Little Boy Face

Your soul is drinking box wine

but your face wants to play baseball

There were ten dudes by the river

It was a college party

One of the dudes turned into a horse

The horse cried while

nine dudes played Frisbee.

Little Boy Face was drinking a bucket of cranberry juice.

and playing left field.

"Keep your head in the game!" Coach Hucklebuck shouted from the dugout.

Little Boy Face was hot. He wiped his face.

It smelled like a waterfall in the forest.

Crack!

A pop fly was headed over left field!

Little Boy Face jumped into the air with the power of cranberries and caught the ball.

Coach Hucklebuck cheered and opened a sixty-four ounce can of peaches

for everyone to enjoy.

But Little Boy Face never came back down.

He flew up into the air

and disappeared into the sun.

Michael the Sewer Rat, Chapter 2

Michael the sewer rat chewed
through a big bag of clams.
They went everywhere.

Michael the Sewer Rat, Chapter 9

Michael the sewer rat was walking down a hallway in the space station.

He saw ten dudes having a college party in a bedroom.

Michael popped his head in to see if there was any cake.

“Look, a horse!” One of the dudes said, and pointed at Michael.

The ten dudes were drinking one giant beer with straws.

Michael turned off the lights and closed the door.

He went down to the engine room and read a pro wrestling magazine

by the light of the furnace.

Michael the Sewer Rat, Chapter 23

Michael the sewer rat was walking through the forest at dusk. A bird twittered, far away.

He looked up and saw a ghost circling the top of a pine tree.

It looked like a piece of vanilla ice cream.

Michael dug a raspberry freezy pop out of the ground and sat down on a rock.

The ghost stopped and looked down at Michael.

“Nothing lasts forever,” the ghost said, and disappeared.

“Yup,” Michael said. He finished the freezy pop and tossed the wrapper into a bird's nest.

A Good Omen

When I woke up
on the floor
a black cat was looking at me.
I said hello.
The cat farted.
I fell
back asleep
and dreamed about
Robocop.

Memorial Day

I was getting
the beer when
the beer
bumped a quart of yogurt.
The yogurt smashed down on my foot.
I was wearing sandals.
I washed my yogurty foot
in the bathtub.
Billie Holliday was on the radio.

Noon

A can of soup hit me between
the eyes.
I sat down on the floor.
A little boy kicked me.
It was payday
and the sun
was shining.

Trouble at the Diner

I was eating two eggs
over-easy.
I went to the bathroom and realized
my underwear
was on inside
out and
backwards.
While I was fixing it,
a sock
fell out of my pant leg.

The Murder

The comedian put on his coat and walked out of the nightclub.
A gangster was waiting for him.
They were old friends.
They went out for dinner. The gangster had veal.
The comedian was a vegetarian. He had
a salad.
The comedian told jokes.
The gangster laughed.
Afterwards, they walked to the bus stop
together.
They shook hands.
The comedian
got on the bus.
The gangster
watched him go.
It was the coldest night of the year.

Three Bucks

I bought a belt buckle at a flea market
from a white guy with a big knife.
He asked me if I was in the
NRA.
Most of the time
I wear
sweatpants.

The River

The Buddha said
life is suffering.
I had a frozen burrito for
lunch
again.